



## A LION and an ASS.

THE Lion, whose imperial sway  
The brute creation all obey,  
As traversing the neighbouring wood,  
Or for his own, or subjects good,  
Met with a saucy ass who bray'd,  
And to his liege small reverence paid.  
At first the Lion discontented,  
His daring insolence resentèd ;

But

But upon second thoughts reply'd,  
' Your baseness, Sirrah, checks my pride ;  
' Had you been worthy of my pow'r,  
' You should have dy'd this very hour,  
' But on reflecting what you are,  
' For this time I your person spare,  
' Be still the ass, and strut and bray,  
' Your breeding does your birth betray.'

## M O R A L.

The noble soul observes this rule,  
To have no contest with a fool:  
Where quality and courage fail,  
What can the combatant avail ;  
Contempt's the best in ev'ry case,  
Where competition is disgrace.

## R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus a conceited Garretcer  
Insults the Senator and Peer,  
In hopes of what is call'd the *pence* :  
But nobler minds, and men of sense,  
Let him rail on, detract and lie,  
And all the barking crew defy.

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